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Bank Row, North Side
Court House.

Vehicle Talk:

There is not a more complete or handsomer stock of vehicles of every description in Kentucky than we are offering for your inspection now. It comprises everything, in the most liberal sense of the word. We wish all special attention to our stock of DEPOT WAGONS, OPEN WAGONS and STANHOPE. It will pay you to call and inspect them.

Rubber Tires:

In this advanced age no vehicle is complete without RUBBER TIRES. We have the latest improved machines for putting on the Hartford and Goodyear 2-Wire tire. No more coming off. Riding will be made a comfort to you and your vehicle will last twice as long. Come in and investigate.

Farm Wagons:

All the best makes, such as STUDEBAKER, MITCHELL, OWENSOR and OLDS.

Farm Implements:

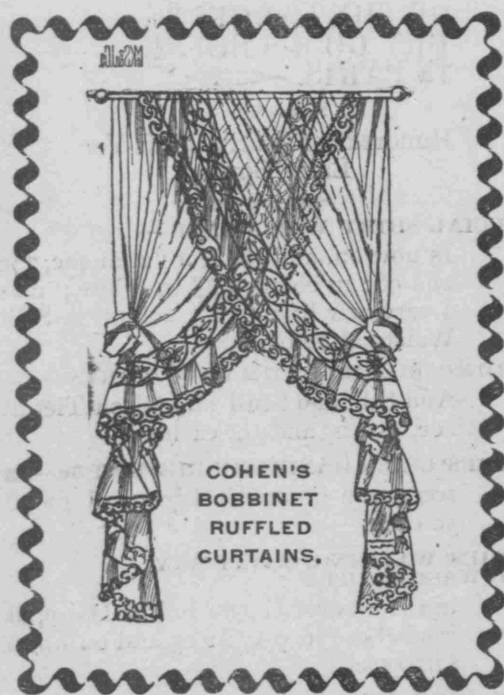
This department is stocked. You can find everything that the farmer needs in this line. Vulcan Plows, Deering Harvesters, Etc. And we want to call your special attention to the Tornado Disc Harrow; there is no better how on the market.

Field Seeds:

You need look no further for anything you need in the seed line. Just tell us what you want and we have it. We have also Seed Sowers of every make.

J. S. WILSON & BRO.

THERE IS NOTHING



THAT YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR HOUSE THAT WILL
ADD TO ITS APPEARANCE AND FRESHEN
IT UP AS MUCH AS NICE, NEW

Lace Curtains.

And did you know that I am showing the largest and most complete and cheapest line ever brought to Paris. All the new things. New ideas in hanging. Come in and inspect the line. It will cost you nothing to look.

Also New Line of Oriental Draperies. New Wall Paper and Carpets.

J. T. HINTON!

CAN YOU GUESS.

Here's a Chance to Make
Ten Dollars Easy.

All You Have to Do is Pick the
Winners in the Coming
Primary.

Just for the interest attached to a guessing contest and to put a little more interest into the coming campaign for County officers, THE NEWS will give its readers a chance to make ten dollars and have a little fun at guessing on the side.

To the person making the first nearest correct guess of the winners in the Democratic Primary Election which will be held in this county on Saturday, June 1st, 1901, THE NEWS will present a ten dollar gold piece. The conditions of the contest are simple. Old subscribers and new subscribers who pay \$2 on their subscriptions will each be entitled to a guess, and to as many guesses as they pay year's subscription. If no one guesses correctly, the first one who guesses the closest to all the winners will receive the ten dollars.

You intend to pay your subscription anyway, and you may as well pay before the first day of June and have a chance of getting your money back, besides gaining the distinction of knowing more about the political situation than your neighbors.

Each guess will be registered when received as to the exact day, hour and minute. No one will be permitted to see how any one else has guessed. In guessing only the offices on the ballot are to be considered.

GUESSING BALLOT.

Representative.....
Judge.....
Attorney.....
Sheriff.....
Clerk.....
School Supt.....
Assessor.....
Jailer.....
Surveyor.....
Coroner.....
Name of Subscriber:.....

P. O. Address.....
Date Rec'd.....
Reg. No.....

For list of candidates see the non-sement columns of THE NEWS. Cut out the above ballot, fill it in, enclose it and two dollars in envelope and mail to

THE BOURBON NEWS,
PARIS, KY.

Blank ballots may be had at THE NEWS office if you do not wish to cut your paper.

N. B. Subscribers who have already paid their subscriptions to 1902 are entitled to a guess. Cut out the coupon and mail to this office stating as near as possible the date subscription was paid. The contest opens Friday morning, February 15, 1901.

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To Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph, two trains daily from St. Louis or Chicago.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Simms' Building,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

The Conductor's Ready Answer.

The Metropolitan Street Railway company has in its employ a philosopher in the person of a Broadway conductor. It was late in the evening, and his car on its up town trip had reached the vicinity of the city hall. As it passed one of the taller office buildings a stout woman, clutching him by the arm, exclaimed:

"Oh, conductor, how many stories high is that building?"

"Leven," laconically replied the conductor, without so much as an upward glance. The woman sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

Just then a stout man with a large traveling bag rushed in almost out of breath.

"I say, conductor," he gasped, "what time can I get to the Grand Central depot?"

"That's good," was the quiet reply. "At this juncture another man climbed aboard that wanted to know about what time the car would reach the Gilsey House."

"Leven," again replied the conductor, with a weary look.

When questioned as to the uniformity of his answers, he replied:

"Yes. You see, if you hesitate about answering 'em, they get worried, but if you have an answer ready they're satisfied. Now, about the time of night, I always say 'Leven.' It's a good, handy number, easy to say. Other times I use other numbers. I allus have a lot of stock answers on hand. It saves time and trouble."—New York Sun.

The Queen and Jenny Lind.

There is a pretty story told of Queen Victoria and Jenny Lind which shows how the modesty of two women, the queen of England and the queen of song, caused a momentary awkwardness which the gentle tact of the singer overcame.

It was on a night when Jenny Lind was to sing at Her Majesty's Opera House that the queen made her first public appearance after the memorable Chartist day.

For the great artist, too, this was a first appearance, for it was the beginning of her season at a place where the year before she had won unparalleled fame. It happened that the queen entered the royal box at the same moment that the prima donna stepped up on the stage. Instantly a tumult of acclamation burst forth.

Jenny Lind modestly retired to the back of the stage, waiting the demonstration of loyalty to the sovereign should subside. The queen, refusing to appropriate to herself that which she imagined to be intended for the artist, made no acknowledgment.

At length, when the situation became embarrassing, Jenny Lind, with ready tact, ran forward to the footlights and sang "God Save the Queen," which was caught up at the end of the solo by the orchestra, chorus and audience. The queen then came to the front of her box and bowed, and the opera was resumed.

Why Roads are Crooked in China.

The Chinese road is private property, a strip taken from somebody's land. This is done much against the will of the owner, since he not only loses the use of it, but also still has to pay taxes on it.

One consequence is that it is wide enough for only one vehicle, and carts can pass one another only by trespassing on the cultivated land. To prevent this the farmers dig deep ditches by the roadside. As the surface wears away and the dust blows off it gradually grows lower, and after awhile it becomes a drain for the surrounding fields. It is current form in the rainy season, which still further hollows it out, and thus has arisen the proverb that a road a thousand years old becomes a river.

Those whose lands are used for roads naturally prefer to have the roads run along the edge of their farms instead of cutting across them, and this accounts for the fact that Chinese roads are often so crooked that one may have to go a considerable distance to reach a place that is in reality but a few miles away. This always interests the stranger.—Church Electric.

How the Car Got There.

The other day at Twenty-sixth street an inspector "hopped" on the front platform of a Madison avenue electric car bound down town. He said to the motorman:

"Where the dickens is this car going?"

"Why, to the Brooklyn bridge, of course."

"Get off and look at yer signs."

The motorman did so and discovered that the sign on the front hood of the car read, "One Hundred and Thirtieth street," the sign on the right side of the roof read, "Second avenue," and the sign on the rear hood, "Astor place." The conductor and motorman between them having adjusted the signs, the inspector perched the car to proceed.—Electric Review.

Shaves of a Lifetime.

Beard appears to grow at the same rate and to follow the same rules of personal conduct as the hair of the head. So if a man begins shaving when he is 16 and lives to be 70 years old he will have cut more than a little bit off the top. If he could keep in position all he has thrown away, a head of hair 35 feet long and a beard 27 feet long, all in one bunch, would enable him to travel with a circus summer and sit in a store window to advertise a hair restorer in the winter.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Artistic.

Sue—You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you are engaged to marry a dentist!

Flo—Well, isn't he an artist? He draws from real life.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

John W. Lowery,

424 Main Street, - - Paris, Ky.

Harness, Saddles, Whips and Blankets
Collars, Hames, Traces, Bridles, etc.

Special attention given to repair work. All work done when promised and satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN W. LOWERY,
Opp. Fair Store

Poison Proof People.

There are entire communities of poison proof people who partake of doses of white arsenic with as much zest as the average person partakes of a meal.

Chief among these singularly gifted people are the Styrian and Corinthian shepherds who inhabit the districts of Lamprecht, Salzburg, Hartberg, Leopden, Obzselung and the Erzgebirge mountains. The sturdy mountaineers consider that arsenic improves their wind for chamois climbing.

Some years ago Dr. Knapp put two of these through their paces before the German Society of Physicians assembled at Graz. The one ate six grains of white arsenic, or enough to kill three men, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. The other ate six grains of opium, with equal impunity.

It was explained that, seeing the good effect of the drug upon the coats and condition of their flocks, many of these shepherds start the practice under the impression that taken in moderation it is good for man beings also.

Usually started with a small weekly dose spread upon bread and butter, the embryo arsenic eater has to undergo a very severe test of his devotion to the drug. Violent sickness and burning pains accompany its first use, and the drug speedily asserts its fatal power over its devotee.

Any attempt to leave off the drug is generally fatal. The women of these arsenic eating districts are famous for their beautiful complexions and luxuriant tresses.

The Missing Turk.

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play in which she made her entire accompaniment six Turkish slaves. A line on the programme announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt, but when the time came for them to go on one of the youngsters had disappeared. Sarah mustered the five in order and made her entrance with a grand flourish. The house was crowded, but not a hand clapped greeted her as she appeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrase.

Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, with a bold, but not a hand clapped, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hullabaloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed sternly:

"You seem to be the only sensible person in the house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?"

The man rose, bowed to the actress and remarked in very bad American-French, "Madame, you are shy one Turk."

General Greene's Discipline.

General Francis Vinton Greene was one of the strictest disciplinarians in all the army that went out to fight Spain. He was in command of the Seventy-first regiment, N. G. N. Y., at Camp Black, near Hempstead, N. Y.

As the regiment was breaking camp on the way to the front an old gentleman interrupted General Greene, who was shouting the same phrase.

"Sir," he said, "will you grant a brief leave of absence to Mr. Blank, a private in this regiment? He is a son of the late Colonel Blank of the army. His mother is dying, and she is asking for her boy. He will join his command at Tampa."

"I am very sorry, sir," replied General Greene, "but it will be impossible to deviate in any case from the rule by which we are all bound. My own father lies dying at home, yet I cannot go to him."

And General Greene, as a matter of fact, did not for many weeks see his father, who died before the Spanish war was ended.

Missed His Chance.

During his lecture to children at the Society of Arts Mr. E. Walter Maunders told his audience an instructive story. A certain lecturer on astronomy observed that some of the students were not paying due attention. "Mr. So-and-so," he called out to one of them, "will you be good enough to tell us of what the corona is composed?" The student addressed hesitated for a moment and then blurted out, "I did know, sir, but I've forgotten." The professor looked at him and then exclaimed: "What a calamity! Here we have the only man who knows the composition of the corona, and he has forgotten!"—London Chronicle.

Juvenile Logic.

Norman's mamma was something of a stickler for propriety, and she was not a little annoyed that it seemed impossible to make the boy give his uncle's name the customary handle. One day after the little fellow had met with a severe rumour than usual for this shortcoming of his he said:

"I mean to be good, mamma, but I don't see why I should say Uncle Harry. I don't say Uncle Papa, do I?"—New York Mail and Express.

More in Sorrow Than Anger.

"Judge," said the lady who was accused of battering her husband, "it is true that I struck him, but the weapon I used proves that I did so more in sorrow than in anger."

"What did you hit him with?"

"A madman, your honor."—Baltimore American.

Architectural.

"I am disappointed in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"Well, what did you expect? A Queen Anne villa?"—Detroit Journal.

Shoes that please in style, fit and price, are what the purchaser wants. All these guaranteed at Davis, Thompson & Isgrig, dec'd.

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OPPOSITE HOTEL WINSTON.

His Method.

The bell in the private office rang three times, and the man at the desk hastily reached for a dandelion bandage, which he put around his neck. Then he arranged a sling in which to put one arm, muzzed up his hair, drew down the corners of his mouth, got out of his chair and painfully limped toward the door.

"Mr. Smithkins?" inquired the well dressed man who opened it just at that moment.

The man with the bandage gave a half suppressed groan and answered: "Yes; that's my name. What can I do for you?"

"You seem to be suffering," suggested the caller.

"Suffering?" returned the other. "Do you think I'm doing this for fun? Do you suppose I bandage my throat for amusement, lie up my arm for sport and limp because I think it's graceful? And I've been in this way for six months. But what can I do for you?"

"Pardon me," said the caller, backing out. "I'll call again some other time."

"It's some trouble," soliloquized the man with the bandage as he removed the harness and returned to his desk. "But experience has taught me that it is really the quickest way to discourage a life insurance agent and keep him discouraged. That fellow never will come back."—Chicago Post.

Appendicitis.

"Appendicitis," said Dr. Abbe in an address before the New York Academy of Medicine, "has few rivals in the surgical field and takes rank today with typhoid, pneumonia and rheumatism in medical thought. Surely when the active surgeon of today can number 100 operations for diseased appendices yearly—and there are a dozen such men in New York and in other cities in the same proportion—we begin to grasp the importance of the subject and its menace to the community."

"The public continues to ask the physician what was appendicitis formerly, and he answers, 'Probably it passed under the description of 'inflammation of the bowels' or 'peritonitis.' It is true that less than a generation ago numerous people in the course of summer travel were stricken with so called inflammation of the bowels or peritonitis and died."

"Now we hear of no one so reported, but it is said, 'He had an attack of appendicitis, was beyond the reach of a surgeon and died,' or, 'So-and-so had an attack of appendicitis, was operated upon and recovered.' Hospital statistics show the same changes of tabulation. It is merely a new name, not a new disease."

Nobody Paid Her Fare.

A young woman got aboard a West Broad street car and discovered, to her humiliation, that her fare was missing when the conductor called. In a gruff manner the custodian of the car said he'd have to get the fare at once or the woman would have to walk. This declaration added to her embarrassment.

The car was crowded. On her right sat a general Irishman and on her left a well known bookkeeper. The bookkeeper and Irishman exchanged several meaningful glances. The conductor was about to pull the bell rope. The bookkeeper said he'd pay the fare as the young woman looked perfectly honest.

The conductor repeated that he'd put the woman off. This aroused the Irishman, who said, "If you put the woman off, your funeral'll be tomorrow." Seeing a slight nervousness on the part of the conductor, he continued:

"How many people on this car want to attend the funeral of this conductor?" Several answered in the affirmative. The conductor grew excited and in the altercation that followed walked to the platform without securing the woman's fare.—Columbus Dispatch.

Wigs For Hire.

"Men do not hire street wigs," said a New York wigmaker. "The man who wears a wig constantly owns it. But there are nevertheless many wigs hired out. Actors, for example, hire wigs, and wigs are rented for masquerades and costume parties, and sometimes wigs are rented for surprises. So that after all wigs are included in the great list of things that can be hired, which list would be found, I fancy, to include pretty much everything that could be named."

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